Laugh and the World Laughs With You.

The author of the poem "Laugh and the world laughs with you," concerning the authorship of which there is a warm dispute between Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Col. John A. Joyce, is as follows:

Laugh and the world laughs with you,
Weep, and you weep alone!
For this brave old earth must borrow its mirth,
It has troubles enough of its own.

Sing, and all the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air!
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you,
Grieve, and they turn and go:
They want full measure for all your pleasure,
But do not want your woe!

Be glad, and your friends are many;
Be sad, and you lose them all.
There are none to decline your nectared wine,
But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded;
Fast, and the world goes by.
Succeed and give, and it helps you to live,
But no man can help you to die.

There is room in the halls of pleasure
For a long and lordly train,
But one by one we must all file on
Through the narrow aisles of pain.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE publications from the pen of Louisa M. Alcott have reached the immense sale of half a million volumes.

THE London *Literary World* refers to the Hon. William M. Evarts as "an American author of long sentences."

THE handwriting of William Black is said to be so small that when the papers are re-written, usually by Mrs. Black, they average thirty to eight.

"GAIL HAMILTON," or Mary Abigail Dodge, which is her real name, is a plain, brown-eyed lady, short in stature and inclined to stoutness. She is said to be very fond of dress, adopting the most advanced styles, not invariably suited to her advancing years. But she could probably argue this delicate stricture of the feminine correspondents until it would seem almost profanity to abate a ribbon.

"MADAME SAND," says M. Lafon in his literary reminiscences, "has left of herself a portrait as flattered as that of Boulanger. A heavy chin, a thick, sheep-like nose, a large mouth, bold eyes, and hair that was thick without being long, were the points that struck you in her appearance. Her carriage revealed her sex beneath her masculine garb."

LUCRETIA MOTT, the noted Quakeress, was very fond of bright things, and had a piano, paintings, and warm colors in the carpets and curtains of her home. Her face had the charm of delicate and regular features, combined with great strength of character. Her eyes were very bright, and expressive of great intelligence, appearing gray ordinarily but when animated in conversation or by some strong emotion, their color deepened and appeared almost black.

GEORGE ELIOT'S FIRST BOOK.—"The first book that George Eliot read," writes Mr. Cross in his introduction to "George Eliot's Life and Letters," "so far as I have been able to ascertain, was a little volume published in 1822, entitled 'The Linnet's Life,' which she gave to me in the last year of her life, at Witley. It bears the following inscription, written some time before she gave it to me: 'This little book is the first present I ever remember having received from my father. Let any one who thinks of me with some tenderness after I am dead take care of this book for my sake. It made me very happy when I held it in my little hands, and read it over and over again; and thought the pictures beautiful, especially the one where the finest is feeding her young.'" "The late John Blackwood corresponded with George Eliot some time before he knew that she was a woman. He called her 'Dear George,' he says, and often used expressions which a man commonly uses only to a man! After he found out," says the *Commercial Advertiser*, "who 'Dear George' was, he was naturally a little anxious to recall some of the expressions he had used. Charles Dickens, however, detected what escaped the observation of most people. Writing to a correspondent in January, 1858, he said: 'Will you, by such roundabout ways and methods as may present themselves, convey this note of thanks to the author of "Scenes of Clerical Life," whose two first stories I can never say enough of, I think them so truly admirable? But if those two volumes, or a part of them, were not written by a woman, then shall I begin to believe that I am a woman myself.'"

M. JULES VERNE.—is now about fifty years old; a gentleman of rather more than the average weight, with iron-gray hair and mustache. He is an agreeable social friend, and particularly attached to M. Dumas. It is not generally known that M. Verne was a *collaborateur* with the latter author for a considerable part of his early life.

THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD.—"This popular novel by Miss Warner had," says Mr. T. C. Derby in "Fifty Years among Authors, Books, and Publishers," "a singular advent into book form. Mr. Putman was interested in the story, but thought it did not possess the qualities likely to insure its popularity, while its great length (it contained matter enough for two volumes) was not favorable to its success. His literary advisers all counselled him against it. His mother, however, happened to get hold of the manuscript, and after reading it said to her son: 'George, that is too good a book not to come into print; you must print it.' He took his mother's advice and published it. For months after it was issued Mr. Putman began to think he would have to charge the loss account to the score of filial obedience. The book remained stocked upon the shelves apparently without commercial value. His mother tried to cheer him up by saying that 'the book was so good she was sure that Providence would aid in the sale of it.' As a matter of fact, Providence did help the matter out. The first favorable review of the work appeared in a Providence paper, and the first large order that was received was from a Providence bookseller. The sale in a few months amounted to over 40,000 copies, which yielded, of course, a large profit to both author and publisher. Miss Warner's next novel, 'Queechy,' was nearly as successful. Although these two books were published more than thirty years ago, they have been selling steadily ever since. They are almost the only American novels published one third of a century ago that have a continued sale."

MISS FLORENCE WARDEN.—"The author of 'House on the Marsh' is young and pretty—a dainty figure, supple, graceful, aud very modest in her bearing and manner. The story of her life," says Joseph Hatton in the *Christian Union*, "may be briefly told. Her father was a stock-broker, and she and her only sister were born at Hanworth, near London. They were brought up as children in affluence and luxury, but just when they had finished their education their father failed in business, and they were thrown upon their own resources. 'We both,' she said to my friend, 'obtained situations as governesses. I was in a clergyman's family. I had always felt a strong desire to write, and when the misfortune of our broken home came upon us I determined to persevere until I wrote something that the public would be anxious to read. My position as governess gave me all the leisure and opportunities necessary for the effort. I had read widely, my education had been comprehensive, and, as much of it had been obtained in France, I could speak French almost as well as English. My first success in the way of stories was the acceptance by the present Mr. Charles Dickens of a short story called "King Combe" for *All the Year Round*. That was in 1877 or 1878; but before that I had published in the *Live Stock Journal* my very first effort—a poem entitled "The Squire's Last Ride," for which I remember I received a guinea. But it was a hard and depressing struggle. I wrote story after story—short novelettes—and sent them to different editors, but got them back unfailingly. I began to tire of my life as governess—its consistent dullness, imbittered by constant failure with my pen—and I determined to go on the stage, not, however, relinquishing my literary ambition. That was five years ago, and my sister joined the profession at the same time.' They are now both acting in Florence Warden's play, founded on her story, and are likely to become as affluent as their father was when his financial failure compelled them to go forth and seek their fortunes."

The Pleasures of Reading.

The poet N. P. Willis thus delightfully described the pleasures of reading: "The finest pleasures of reading come unbidden. In the twilight alcove of a library, with a time-mellowed chair yielding luxuriously to your pressure, a June wind floating in at the windows, and in your hand some rambling old author, good-humored and quaint, one would think the spirit could scarce fail to be conjured. Yet often, after spending a morning hour restlessly there, I have strolled off with a book in my pocket to the woods, and, as I live, the mood has descended upon me under some chance tree, with a crooked root under my head, and I have lain there reading and sleeping by turns till the letters were blurred in the dimness of twilight."

Mrs. Pendergast—"I've been in luck again. I bought a Rembrandt yesterday for $3,000." Mrs. VanDusen (illiterate and slightiy deaf)—"Three thousand dollars for a remnant! Why, bless my soul, what sort of goods was it? You should have bought the whole piece for that.

CARRISTON'S GIFT.

By HUGH CONWAY.

Author of "Called Back," "Dark Days," "A Family Affair," etc.

[TOLD BY PHILIP BRAND, M. D., LONDON.]

PART THE FIRST.

CHAPTER VII.

Carriston slept on late into the next day. Knowing that every moment of bodily and mental rest was a precious boon to him, I left him undisturbed. He was still fast asleep when, about midday, a gentleman called upon me. He sent up no card, and I supposed he came to consult me professionally.

The moment he entered my room I recognized him. He was the thin-lipped, gentlemanly person whom I had met on my journey to Bournemouth last spring—the man who had seemed so much impressed by my views on insanity, and had manifested such interest in the descript on I had given—without mentioning any name—of Carriston's peculiar mind.

I should have at once claimed acquaintanceship with my visitor, but before I could speak he advanced and apologized gracefully for his intrusion.

"You will forgive it," he added, "when I tell you my name is Ralph Carriston."

Remembering our chance conversation, the thought that, after all, Charles Carriston's wild suspicion was well founded flashed through me like lightning. My great hope was that my visitor might not remember my face as I remembered his. I bowed coldly, but said nothing.

"I believe, Dr. Brand," he continued, "you have a young relative of mine at present staying with you?"

"Yes, Mr. Carriston is my guest," I answered. "We are old friends."

"Ah, I did not know that. I do not remember having heard him mention your name as a friend. But, as it is so, no one knows better than you do the unfortunate state of his health. How do you find him to-day—violent?"

I pretended to ignore the man's meaning, and answered smilingly: "Violence is the last thing I should look for. He is tired out and exhausted by travel, and is in great distress. That, I believe, is the whole of his complaint."

"Yes, yes, to be sure, poor boy. His sweetheart has left him, or something. But as a doctor you must know that his mental condition is not quite what it should be. His friends are very anxious about him. They fear that a little restraint—temporary, I hope—must be put upon his actions. I called to ask your advice and aid."

"In what, Mr. Carriston?"

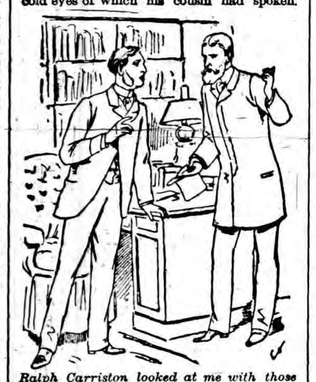
"In this. A young man can't be left free to go about threatening his friends' lives. I have brought Dr. Daley with me—you know him, of course. He is below in my carriage. I will call him up, with your permission. He could then see poor Charles, and the needful certificate could be signed by you two doctors."

"Mr. Carriston," I said, decidedly, "let me tell you in the plainest words that your cousin is at present as fully in possession of his wits as you are. Dr. Daley—whoever he may be—could sign no certificate, and in our day no asylum would dare to keep Mr. Carriston within its walls."

An unpleasant, sinister look crossed my listener's face, but his voice still remained bland and suave. "I am sorry to differ from you, Dr. Brand," he said, "but I know him better than you do. I have seen him as you have never yet seen him. Only last night he came to me in a frantic state. I expected every moment he would make a murderous attack on me."

"Perhaps he fancied he had some reasons for anger," I said.

Ralph Carriston looked at me with those cold eyes of which his cousin had spoken.



Ralph Carriston looked at me with those cold eyes of his.

"If the boy has succeeded in converting you to any of his delusions, I can only say that doctors are more credulous than I fancied. But the question is not worth arguing. You decline to assist me, so I must do without you. Good morning, Dr. Brand."

He left the room as gracefully as he had entered it. I remained in a state of doubt. It was curious that Ralph Carriston turned out to be the man whom I had met in the train; but the evidence offered by the coincidence was not enough to convict him of the crime of endeavoring to drive his cousin mad by such a far-fetched strategem as the inveigling away of Madeline Rowan. Besides, even in wishing to prove Charles Carriston mad he had much to say on his side. Supposing him to be innocent of having abducted Madeline, Carriston's violent behavior on the preceding evening must have seemed very much like insanity. In spite of the aversion with which Ralph Carriston inspired me, I scarcely knew which side to believe.

Carriston still slept; so when I went out on my afternoon rounds I left a note begging him to remain in the house until my return. Then I found him up, dressed and looking much more like himself. When I entered dinner was on the table, so not until that meal was over could we talk unrestrainedly upon the subject which was uppermost in both our minds.

As soon as we were alone I turned toward my guest. "And now," I said, "we must settle what to do. There seems to me to be but one course open. You have plenty of money, so your best plan is to engage skilled police assistance. Young ladies can't be spirited away like this without leaving a trace."

To my surprise Carriston flatly objected to this course. "No," he said, "I shall not go to the police. The man who took her away has placed her where no police can find her. I must find her myself."

"Find her yourself! Why, it may be months—years—before you do that! Good heavens, Carriston! She may be murdered, or worse——"

"I shall know if any further evil happens to her—then I shall kill Ralph Carriston."

"But you tell me you have no clew whatever to trace her by. Do talk plainly. Tell me all or nothing."

Carriston smiled very faintly. "No clew that you, at any rate, will believe in," he said. "But I know this much, she is a prisoner somewhere. She is unhappy, but not, as yet, ill-treated. Heavens! Do you think if I did not know this I should keep my senses for an hour?"

"How can you possibly know it?"

"By that gift—that extra sense, or whatever it is—which you deride. I knew it would come to me some day, but I little thought how I should welcome it. I know that in some way I shall find her by it. I tell you I have already seen her three times. I may see her again at any moment when the strange fit comes over me."

All this fantastic nonsense was spoken so simply and with such an air of conviction that once more my suspicions as to the state of his mind were aroused. In spite of the brave answers which I had given Mr. Ralph Carriston I felt that common-sense was undeniably on his side.

"Tell me what you mean by your strange fit," I said, resolved to find out the nature of Carriston's fancies or hallucinations. "Is it a kind of trance you fall into?"

He seemed loath to give any information on the subject, but I pressed him for an answer.

"Yes," he said at last. "It must be a kind of trance. An indescribable feeling comes over me. I know that my eyes are fixed on some object—presently that object vanishes, and I see Madeline."

"How do you see her?"

"She seems to stand in a blurred circle of light as cast by a magic lantern. That is the only way that I can describe it. But her figure is plain and clear—she might be close to me. The carpet on which she stands I can see, the chair on which she sits, the table on which she leans her hand, anything she touches I can see; but no more. I have seen her talking. I knew she was entreating some one, but that some one was invisible. Yet, if she touched that person, the virtue of her touch would enable me to see him."

So far as I could see, Carriston's case appeared to be one of overwrought or unduly stimulated imagination. His I had always considered to be a mind of the most peculiar construction. In his present state of love, grief, and suspense these hallucinations might come in the same way in which dreams come. For a little while I sat in silence considering how I could best combat with and dispel his remarkable delusions. Before I had arrived at any decision I was called away to see a patient. I was but a short time engaged. Then I returned to Carriston, intending to continue my inquiries.

Upon re-entering the room I found him sitting as I had left him—directly opposite to the door. His face was turned fully toward me, and I trembled as I caught sight of it. He was leaning forward, his hands on the table cloth, his whole frame rigid, his eyes staring in one direction, yet, I knew, capable of seeing nothing that I could see. He seemed even oblivious to sound, for I entered the room and closed the door behind me without causing him to change look or position. The moment I saw the man I knew that he had been overtaken by what he called his strange fit.

My first impulse—a natural one—was to arouse him, but second thoughts told me that this was an opportunity for studying his disease which should not be lost—I felt that I could call it by no other name than disease—so I proceeded to make a systematic examination of his symptoms.

I leaned across the table, and, with my face about a foot from his, looked straight into his eyes. They betrayed no sign of recognition—no knowledge of my presence. I am ashamed to say I could not divest myself of the impression that they were looking through me. The pupils were greatly dilated. The lids were wide apart. I lighted a taper and held it before them, but could see no expansion of the iris. It was a case, I confess, entirely beyond my comprehension. I had no experience which might serve as a guide as to what was the best course to adopt. All I could do was to stand and watch carefully for any change.

Save for his regular breathing and a sort of convulsive twitching of his fingers, Carriston might have been a corpse or a statue. His face could scarcely grow paler than it had been before the attack. Altogether, it was an uncomfortable sight—a creepy sight—this motionless man, utterly regardless of all that went on around him, and seeing, or giving one the idea that he saw, something far away. I sighed as I looked at the strange spectacle, and foresaw what the end must surely be. But although I longed for him to awake, I determined on this occasion to let the trance, or fit, run its full course, that I might notice in what manner and how soon consciousness returned.

I must have waited and watched some ten minutes—minutes which seemed to me interminable. At last I saw the lips quiver, the lids flicker once or twice, and eventually close wearily over the eyes. The unnatural tension of every muscle seemed to relax, and sighing deeply, and apparently quite exhausted, Carriston sank back into his chair, with beads of perspiration forming on his white brow. The fit was over.

In a moment I was at his side and forcing a glass of wine down his throat. He looked up at me and spoke. His voice was faint, but his words were quite collected.

"I have seen her again," he said. "She is well, but so unhappy. I saw her kneel down and pray. She stretched her beautiful arms out to me. And yet I know not where to look for her—my poor love! my poor love!"

I waited until I thought he had sufficiently recovered from his exhaustion to talk without injurious consequences. "Carriston," I said, "let me ask you one question: are these trances or visions voluntary, or not?"

He reflected for a few moments. "I can't quite tell you," he said; "or, rather, I would put it in this way. I do not think I can exercise my power at will; but I can feel when the fit is coming on me, and, I believe, can, if I choose, stop myself from yielding to it."

"Very well. Now listen. Promise me you will fight against these seizures as much as you can. If you don't, you will be raving mad in a month."

"I can't promise that," said Carriston, quietly. "See her at times I must, or I shall die. But I promise to yield as seldom as may be. I know, as well as you do, that the very exhaustion I now feel must be injurious to any one."

In truth he looked utterly worn out. Very much dissatisfied with his concession, the best I could get from him, I sent him to bed, knowing that natural rest, if he could get it, would do more than anything else toward restoring a healthy tone to his mind.

CHAPTER VIII.

Although Carriston stated that he came to me for aid, and, it may be, protection, he manifested the greatest reluctance in following any advice I offered him. The obstinacy of his refusal to obtain the assistance of the police placed me in a predicament. That Madeline Rowan had really disappeared I was, of course, compelled to believe. It might even be possible that she was kept against her will in some place of concealment. In such a case it behooved us to take proper steps to trace her. Her welfare should not depend upon the hallucinations and eccentric ideas of a man half out of his senses with love and grief. I all but resolved, even at the risk of forfeiting Carriston's friendship, to put the whole matter in the hands of the police, unless, in the course of a day or two, we heard from the girl herself or Carriston suggested some better plan.

Curiously enough, although refusing to be guided by me, he made no suggestion on his own account. He was racked by fear and suspense, yet his only idea of solving his difficulties seemed to be that of waiting. He did nothing. He simply waited, as if he expected that chance would bring what he should have been searching for high and low.

Some days passed before I could get a tardy consent that aid should be sought. Even then he would not go to the proper quarter; but he allowed me to summon to our councils a man who advertised himself as being a private detective. This man, or one of his men, came at our call, and heard what was wanted of him. Carriston reluctantly gave him one of Madeline's photographs. He also told him that only by watching and spying on Ralph Carriston's every action could he hope to obtain the clew. I did not much like the course adopted, nor did I like the look of the man to whom the inquiry was intrusted; but, at any rate, something was being done.

A week passed without news from our agent. Carriston, in truth, did not seem to expect any. I believe he only employed the man in deference to my wishes. He moved about the house in a disconsolate fashion. I had not told him of my interview with his cousin, but had cautioned him on the rare occasions upon which he went out-of-doors to avoid speaking to strangers, and my servants had strict instructions to prevent any one coming in and taking my guest by surprise.

For I had, during those days, opened a confidential inquiry on my own account. I wanted to learn something about this Mr. Ralph Carriston. So I asked a man who knew everybody to find out all about him.

He reported that Ralph Carriston was a man well known about London. He was married, and had a house in Dorsetshire; but the greater part of his time was spent in town. Once he was supposed to be well off; but now it was the general opinion that every acre he owned was mortgaged, and that he was much pressed for money. "But," my informant said, "there is but one life between him and the reversion to large estates, and that life is a poor one. I believe even now there is a talk about the man who stands in his way being dead. If so, Ralph Carriston will get the management of everything."

After this news I felt it more than ever needful to keep a watchful eye on my friend. So far as I knew there had been no recurrence of the trance, and I began to hope that proper treatment would effect a complete cure, when, to my great alarm and annoyance, Carriston, while sitting with me, suddenly and without warning fell into the same strange state of body and mind as previously described. This time he was sitting in another part of the room. After watching him for a minute or two, and just as I was making up my mind to arouse him and scold him thoroughly for his folly, he sprang to his feet, and shouting, "Let her go! Loose her, I say!" rushed violently across the room—so violently that I had barely time to interpose and prevent him from coming into contact with the opposite wall.

Upon returning to his senses he told me, with great excitement, that he had again seen Madeline; moreover, this time he had seen a man with her—a man who had placed his hand upon her wrist and kept it there; and so, according to Carriston's wild reasoning, became, on account of the contact, visible to him.

He told me he had watched them for some moments, until the man, tightening his grip on the girl's arm, endeavored, he thought, to lead her or induce her to follow him somewhere. At this juncture, unaware that he was gazing at a vision, he had rushed to her assistance in the frantic way I have described; then he awoke.

He also told me he had studied the man's features and general appearance most carefully with a view to future recognition. All these ridiculous statements were made as he made the former ones, with the air of one relating simple, undeniable facts—one speaking the plain unvarnished truth, and expecting full credence to be given to his words.

It was too absurd! too sad! It was evident to me that the barrier between his hallucinations, dreams, visions, or whatever he chose to call them, and pure insanity, was now a very slight and fragile one. But before I gave his case up as hopeless I determined to make another strong appeal to his common sense. I told him of his cousin's visit to me—of his intentions and proposition. I begged him to consider what consequences his extraordinary beliefs and extravagant actions must eventually entail. He listened attentively and calmly.

"You see now," he said, "how right I was in attributing all this to Ralph Carriston—how right I was to come to you, a doctor of standing, who can vouch for my sanity."

"Vouch for your sanity! How can I when you sit here and talk such arrant nonsense, and expect me to believe it? When you jump from your chair and rush madly at some visionary foe! Sane as you may be in all else, any evidence I could give in your favor must break down in cross-examination if an inkling of these things got about. Come, Carriston, be reasonable, and prove your sanity by setting about this search for Miss Rowan in a proper way."

He made no reply, but walked up and down the room apparently in deep thought. My words seemed to have had no effect upon him. Presently he seated himself; and, as if to avoid returning to the argument, drew a book at hazard from my shelves and began to read. He opened the volume at random, but after reading a few lines seemed struck by something that met his eyes, and in a few minutes was deeply immersed in the contents of the book. I glanced at it to see what had so awakened his interest. By a curious fatality he had chosen a book the very worst for him in his present frame of mind—Gilchrist's recently published life of William Blake, that masterly memoir of a man who was on certain points as mad as Carriston himself. I was about to remonstrate, when he laid down the volume and turned to me.

"Varley, the painter," he said, "was a firm believer in Blake's visions."

"Varley was a bigger fool than Blake," I retorted. "Fancy his sitting down and watching his clever but mad friend draw spectral heads and believing them to be genuine portraits of dead kings whose forms condescended to appear to Blake!"

A sudden thought seemed to strike Carriston. "Will you give me some paper and chalk?" he asked. Upon being furnished with these materials he seated himself at the table and began to draw. At least a dozen times he sketched, with his usual rapidity, some object or another, and a dozen times, after a moment's consideration, threw each sketch aside with an air of disappointment, and began a fresh one. At last one of his attempts seemed to come up to his requirements. "I have it now, exactly!" he cried, with joy, even triumph, in his voice. He spent some time in putting finishing touches to the successful sketch, then he handed me the paper.

"That is the man I saw just now with Madeline," he said. "When I find him, I shall find her." He spoke with all sincerity and conviction. I looked at the paper with, I am bound to say, a great amount of curiosity.

No matter from what visionary source Carriston had drawn his inspiration, his sketch was vigorous and natural enough. I have already mentioned his wonderful power of drawing portraits from memory, so was willing to grant that he might have reproduced the outline of some face which had somewhere struck him. Yet why should it have been this one? His drawing represented the three-quarter face of a man—an ordinary man—apparently between 40 and 50 years of age. It was a coarse-featured, ill-favored face, with a ragged ruff of hair round the chin. It was not the face of a gentleman, nor even the face of a gently nurtured man, and the artist, by a few cunning strokes, had made it wear a crafty and sullen look. The sketch, as I write this, lies before me, so that I am not speaking from memory.

Now there are some portraits of which, without having seen the original, we say, "What splendid likenesses these must be!" It was so with Carriston's sketch. Looking at it you felt sure it was exactly like the man whom it was intended to represent. So that, with the certain amount of art knowledge which I am at least supposed to possess, it was hard for me, after examining the drawing and recognizing the true artist's touch in every line, to bring myself to accept the fact that it was but the outcome of a diseased imagination. As at this very moment I glance at that drawing I scarcely blame myself for the question that faintly frames itself in my innermost heart. "Could it be possible—could there be in certain organizations powers not yet known, not yet properly investigated?"

My thought—supposing such a thought was ever there—was not discouraged by Carriston, who, speaking as if his faith in the bodily existence of the man whose portrait lay in my hand was unassailable, said:

"I noticed that his general appearance was that of a countryman, an English peasant, so in the country I shall find my love. Moreover, it will be easy to identify the man, as the top joint is missing from the middle finger of his right hand. As it lay on Madeline's arm I noticed that."

I argued with him no more. I felt that words would be but wasted.

(To be continued.)

A novel plan of compelling oneself to lay by something, said to have been adopted by certain actors, is to save every ten cent piece that comes into their hands. One thus found himself richer by $125 at the end of a year, another by $400.

LEGAL NOTICES.

PUBLIC SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

Notice is hereby given that, by virtue of a warrant issued by the Township Committee of the Township of Bloomfield, in the County of Essex and State of New Jersey, bearing date the 22d day of July, 1885, to make the unpaid taxes assessed on lands, tenements, hereditaments and real estate in said township in the year 1883, the subscriber, Collector of Taxes for the said township will on

WEDNESDAY, THE TWENTY-THIRD-DAY OF SEPTEMBER NEXT,

at the hour of 2 P.M., at his office in Dodd's building, Glenwood avenue, in said township, sell the lands, tenements, hereditaments and real estate hereunder described at public vendue, for the shortest term, not exceeding thirty years, for which any person or persons will agree to take the same, and pay such taxes with the interest thereon, from the 20th day of October, A. D. One Thousand, Eight Hundred and Eighty-three, together with all costs, fees, charges and expenses.

DISTRICT NO. 1.

4	Ackerman, est. of Abram one house, 10 acres on west side of road to Franklin	$14.36
44	Dodd, Reuben N. and Bro., 52 acres, west side Paterson road	80.64
68	Kent, Lyman B., one house, 30 acres, n. J. T. Garabrant, formerly, e. Peter S. Garabrant, s. Morris Canal, w. J. T. Garabrant, formerly	58.11
72	Kierstead, est. Isaac, one house, 70 acres, n. James Van Winkle, e. road to Franklin, s. H. and J. Van Winkle, w. Morris Canal and Third River	70.56
133	Van Gieson, Augustus T. 1 house 44½ acres, n. Paterson road & road past D. R. church, e. A. Garabrant, w. lands formerly J. H. Hight	84.00
76	Lyon, Wm. 1 house, 28 acres, part of farm formerly belonging to Miss Cyrintha Van Winkle, w. side Paterson road	36.28
134	Van Riper, John, 1 house, 11 acres, e. side Paterson road, s. of Wilbur Brokaw	19.02

DISTRICT NO. 2.

287	Smith, Thos. (formerly Finch) Stores cor. Bloomfield avenue and Orange st., n. Orange st. e. James R. Finch, s. Wm. A. Freeman, w. Bloomfield ave.	53.00
318	Groshong, est. Peter, 1 house, Broad st. n. est. Jas. Ball, e. Broad st. w. Ball est	13.78
388	Hayes, Simeon R. 1 house, Monroe Place, north side, formerly T. E. Hayes	40.28
426	Kent, Aaron H. one house, 7 acres, n. Old Road, e. Jacob Ritchie, s. est. C. Farrand, w. formerly W. Wright	69.34
475	McDowell, Chas., one house, n. Canal st., e. est. J. M. Bonnell s. and. w. Montclair Railway	42.40
577	Peck, Gilbert H., one house, n. Beach st., e. and s. I. C. Ward w. Ed. Ward	57.18
760	Weeks, est. Dr. Cyrus, about one acre, n. Franklin st., e. & s. est. Cyrus Weeks, w D. M. Day	14.84
783	Edward S. Wilde, 2 tracts—1st, e. side Ridgewood ave, n. Mtc. Railroad, e. Cemetery, s. West Belleville ave. w. Ridgew. ave	154.16
2d.	Tract, n. Geo. Mann. or Benson e. Ridgewood ave. s. Kate V. Rudd and Benson, w. Benson	

DISTRICT NO. 3.

1	Boyne, James, jr., 1 house, east side Canal, near Plane	18.46
8	Boyne, James, 1 house, s. side Spring st	12.58
51	Cunningham, Pat'k, 1 h. Liberty st	9.54
65	Dunbar, Dominic, 1 lot, Cross st.	2.59
104	Gillespie, est. of, 114 acres, 1 h. road leading from Bloomfield to Franklin	159.00
121	Higgins, Thomas, 1 house, n. Liberty st., e. Hickory st., s Powers, w. Canal	6.36
150	Manley, Mrs. Thomas. 1 house, 12 acres, n. side Belleville ave	67.28
158	Monegan, est. Philip, 1 house, Montgomery st, north side	13.64
163	Madison, Mrs. Wm. J., 2 lots, Orchard st., west side	4.66
172	O'Conner, Thomas, one house, east side of Canal, near Plane.	5.74
230	Van Winkle, Cornelius, 1 house, Montgomery street	25.44
231	VanWinkle, Eliza and Sarah, 1 h. and store, Montgomery st.	42.90
232	Van Winkle, Moses, 1 house, 3½ acres, Montgomery st. n. side.	21.14

DISTRICT NO. 4.

86	Condit, Mrs. George, 1 house and lot north side Thornton st., w. Moses Tichenor	18.02
97	Corby, Emmons B., 1 house and lot, Washington st., n. Washington st., e. Mut. Ben. Life Ins. Co., P. Geib and Arthur Spragg, s. Arthur Spragg and Railroad Co. w. Railroad Co.	75.70
198	Eveland, est. of Samuel, 1 house Linden ave., n. Ed. Hall and Chas. M. Lockwood, e. Wm. Myers, s. Glenwood ave., w. Thomas st	29.26
250	Groshong, Mrs. F. A. 1 house 1st north side, n. C. W. Powers and Riley Bond, s. First st., w. Mrs. Degnan	21.20
317	Hayes, Mrs. Nora, 1 house, Linden ave., n. Linden ave., e. Ward. st, s. Maolis ave. w. Adrian Dickerson	78.94
428	Mitchell, Mortimer, two houses, Nos. 7 and 8, s. side Lake st.	30.08
481	O'Brien, Francis, 1 house, Willow st., n. Geo. Dodd, e. est. John Strrng, s. Willow st., w. C. Frank	20.08
582	Shiel, Ed., 1 house n. side of st. leading from Peloubet's factory to Railroad	4.48
693	Walsh, James L., 1 house, n. Woodland ave., e. Ridgewood ave., s. and w. Kate V. Darwin	134.56

Payment must be made before the conclusion of the sale; otherwise the property will be immediately resold.

The whole amount of tax, interest and cost will be made known on the day of sale.

Witness my hand and seal this 14th day of August, A. D. 1885.

ALEXANDER C. MARR, Collector.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—In Chancery of New Jersey, between the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company, complainant, and Nora H. Hayes, et al., defendants. Fi. fa., for sale of mortgaged property.

By virtue of the above stated writ of fieri facias, to me directed, I shall expose for sale by public vendue, at the Court House, in Newark, on Tuesday, the twenty-second day of September next, at two o'clock P.M., all that tract or parcel of land and premises situate, lying and being in the township of Bloomfield, Essex County, New Jersey

Beginning in the southerly line of Linden avenue at the northwest corner of land sold by Phineas J. Ward to William Jarvie; thence running southerly along said Jarvie's line at right angles to Linden avenue two hundred feet; thence westerly parallel with said avenue ninety feet; thence northerly parallel with the first course two hundred feet to said avenue; thence easterly along Linden aaehue ninety feet to the place of beginning.

Newark, N. J., July 20, 1885.

WILLIAM H. BROWN, Sheriff.

F. K. HOWELL, Solicitor. $3.60

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Life Insurance Company,
NEWARK, N. J.

AMZI DODD, - - - - President.

ASSETS (Market Values)	$38,615,319 32
LIABILITIES (4 per cent Reserve)	35,857,827 70
SURPLUS	2,757,491 62
SURPLUS (New York Standard)	5,411,241 50

Policies Absolutely Non-Forfeitable After Second year.

IN CASE OF LAPSE the Policy is CONTINUED IN FORCE as long as its value will pay for; or, if preferred, a Paid up Policy for its full value is issued in exchange.

After the third year Policies are INCONTESTABLE, except as against intentional fraud; and all restrictions as to travel or occupation are removed.

CASH LOANS are made to the extent of 80 per cent. of the reserve value, where valid assignments of the Policies can be made as collateral security.

LOSSES paid immediately upon completion and approval of proofs.

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